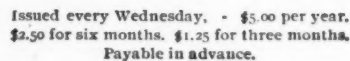


Puck



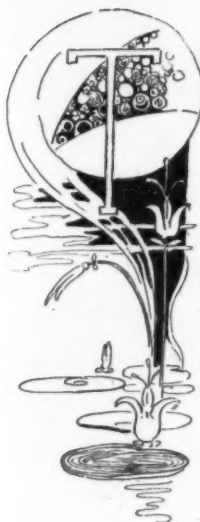


THE ACCUSER.—I caught him red-handed! He was lobbying in behalf of those people with the basket!

THE JUDGE.—Awful! Awful! What had we better do with him?

HER MAJESTY OF SPAIN.

"Sir, the Queen of Spain has no legs!"
— Old Spanish Chronicle.



HE Rue de la Paix, in its whimsical way,
Ordains that the delicate mold
Of your ankle, Fleurette, shall be barred with a net
Of silk, shot with filigree gold;
And hose of this spidery weave
Are costly, you well may believe,
But before you begin to complain
Just think of the poor Queen of Spain!

When the gusty rains beat on the glistening street
A perilous thing 't is to fare
With immaculate frills over eddying rills
While impertinent wayfarers stare.
A dropstitch awry in the lisle
May provoke an embarrassing smile,
But e'en in the wind and the rain
Who would envy the poor Queen of Spain?

When the Graces commute on the shuttle-train route,
And sprint to be prompt at the play,
The skirts which impede their suburbanite speed
Must rise—to the need of the day;
With tie-back and hobble, their feet
You hardly expect to be fleet,
But better the loss of a train
Than that of the poor Queen of Spain.

When, in fine, from the art to which sculptors impart
The charm of a marble ideal,
We would turn toward the mold which in dreams they
behold

We find it too rare in the real;
But better the limbs that are thin,
Be they bowed either outward or in;
One would rather walk humbly than reign
Like the feminine sovereign of Spain!

Charles J. Bayme.



THE SOFHEART FAMILY.

THEY ARE SOON TO LEAVE FOR THE COUNTRY, SO PEWEWE, THE
CANARY, IS TAKEN TO A BIRD-STORE FOR THE SUMMER.

SCARCITY OF EXCITEMENT.

TIPPIE.—There does not seem to be much excitement for you girls
down here.

SIBYL.—No. Fourteen of us are engaged to the hotel clerk, and the
rest are waiting for the proprietor, who is ill in bed.



PERFECTLY SAFE.

GIRL IN BACKGROUND.—I thought photographers were not allowed on this bathing beach?
LIFE-SAVER.—They aren't. He's an amateur who has promised to do his own developing!



THE HUNGER STRIKE REACHES THE BARNYARD.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.



"O SELIM, you gave me a glorious ride!
Neck by neck—close to Starlight—you kept side by side,
And the words that Jack whispered you could n't but hear,
For I saw your eye wink, and you pricked up one ear.
And when he leaned over and kissed me, I hid;
For I knew you were *peeping*—yes, Selim, you *did*!
Now, answer me, Selim, was that only man's way?"
And Selim replied with a comforting neigh.

"Mamma tries forever to make me believe
That man is a monster who lives to deceive;
That 'far from the eye' meaneth 'far from the heart';
'Where 't is easy to love that 't is easy to part.'
Do you think Jack loves me?—you heard what he swore—
Is it true I'm an angel? He vowed so—and more.
Speak, Selim, you know man's queer customs and ways."
And Selim responded with two distinct neighs.

"O Selim, you're wrong! Sure, you misunderstood;
My Jack is too truthful, too noble and good—
I've known him, you know, for three weeks and a day!
Hark! I'll ask you the question a different way:
Men never, no never, break promises—do they?
And they never forsake the poor girls whom they woo? They
Don't *ever* deceive?" asked the artless young maid.
And Selim obligingly three times neighed.

J. H. C.

DANGEROUS.

"WHAT is the charge?" asked the Judge, as the venerable person with the side-whiskers was brought forward.

"Insanity, Your Honor. We found him on the Rialto, singing 'I want to be an angel.'"

DIPLOMACY AT THE SUMMER HOTEL.

FIRST GUEST.—You don't mean to say you don't like the scenery around here? You're the first man I ever heard express such an extraordinary opinion.

SECOND GUEST.—Well, didn't you notice that the landlord was around when I said that? Think I want to make his head any bigger than it is already?

TWO of the most flourishing and important industries of this country seem to be baseball and dyspepsia.



HOW IT WAS.

IRATE FATHER.—Ah-h! How is it I catch you holding my daughter in this fashion? Answer me, sir! How is it?

YOUNG MAN.—File! Very fine indeed, 'sir!

It makes some people awfully unhappy to have some other people indulge regularly in cold-water baths.

HIS LITTLE MAJESTY.



WHEN His Little Majesty reaches the age of two years he becomes very enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm leads him to do many of those things which he ought not to do. And the trouble is, that when he is caught at his misdeeds he is not punished. He has the faculty of appearing very cunning at the proper time, and of evading sundry applications of the slipper.

He even has a keen appreciation of the cleverness of his tricks, for he will lead you smilingly to the spot where he has been pounding cinders in your stove-pipe hat, probably thinking the relations existing between the stove-pipe and the stove justify the combination. When the hat full of cinders looms up in your vision, the baby dances with delight, and laughs as though his heart would break. You know just what ought to be done with him, but you can't make up your mind to do it. On another occasion, you will catch him humming some baby song while sitting on the dining-room table emptying a bottle of chow-chow down the lamp chimney.

Even his mother laughs, in spite of her efforts to appear angry, when she finds him on the back stoop, standing by the ice-cream freezer, which has been prepared for expected company, and observes him pouring the contents out of the coal-shovel for the cat and kittens, and only regretful that the dainty is still warm.

He will take out the silverware-basket and walk about, scattering the spoons and forks like seeds, as though planting a silver-plated mine. He takes special delight in getting the carving-knife and walking about on the slippery floors with it, where a fall might prove fatal. And when at the railroad station, he will walk off a platform twenty-five feet wide to get on a narrow-gauge track where he may enjoy the felicity of being in jeopardy.

He also has a habit of hiding things away, or rather leaving them where they don't belong. That is the reason you find your hairbrush under the andirons, and a jar of marmalade in the chiffonier on your dress-shirts. He will throw jewelry in the fire and kindling-wood under the bed-clothes. He cheerfully allows the Irish setter to take from his hand the ginger-snap that he would not surrender to his father, and he



CHICKENS.

OLD NEW YORKER.—Yes, sir, I can remember when there used to be a duck-pond right on this block.

YOUNG NEW YORKER.—So? It looks now as though a chicken-farm were here, doesn't it?

amuses himself by tying his white Tam O'Shanter on the same animal's head, and making him look like the wolf in Little Red-Riding-Hood.

Sometimes he will lather the good-natured beast with his father's shaving-brush, and the dog will not wince, even when the soap causes tears to run down his cheeks and his eye-balls to split like pop-corn. He is always up to something, is this mischievous mite of humanity; and, somehow or other, the worse he is, the more love and affection are bestowed upon him. His capacity for mischief is his real capital.

He can have all the candy and attention he can stand at the time that he is caught riding downstairs in his carriage, or cleaning the gold-fish globe with his favorite tortoise-shell kitten.

RESENTED.

TOURIST.—This is a lovely spot, is n't it?

NATIVE.—A spot? Stranger, there's close to twelve hundred people in this town!

A SURE CURE.

M^R. NABOR (to his wife).—My dear, Mr. Crosslots wants to borrow one of the twins.

M^RS. NABOR (in horror).—Why! What does the man mean?

SMALL GIRL (at the door).—Yes 'm. Pa's got the insomniac, and he says please lend him the one that cries all night; he wants to walk it awhile.



SUSPICION.

FATHER.—Vot line of peesness is dot young feller in, Repecca?

DAUGHTER.—I don't know. He nefer talk shop.

FATHER.—So? Den I'm afraid he don't haf no shop to talk!

LITERARY ITEM.

"OF all Dickens's characters," declared the landlady, as she helped Mr. Eatalot to meat for the third time, "I particularly detest Oliver Twist!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

WEARY WILLY.—Lady, I wuz wunst a prosperous merchant. I hed a luxurious home, an honorable name, an' ten bloomin' an' highly-educated daughters.

M^RS. WELLMONT.—What brought you to poverty?

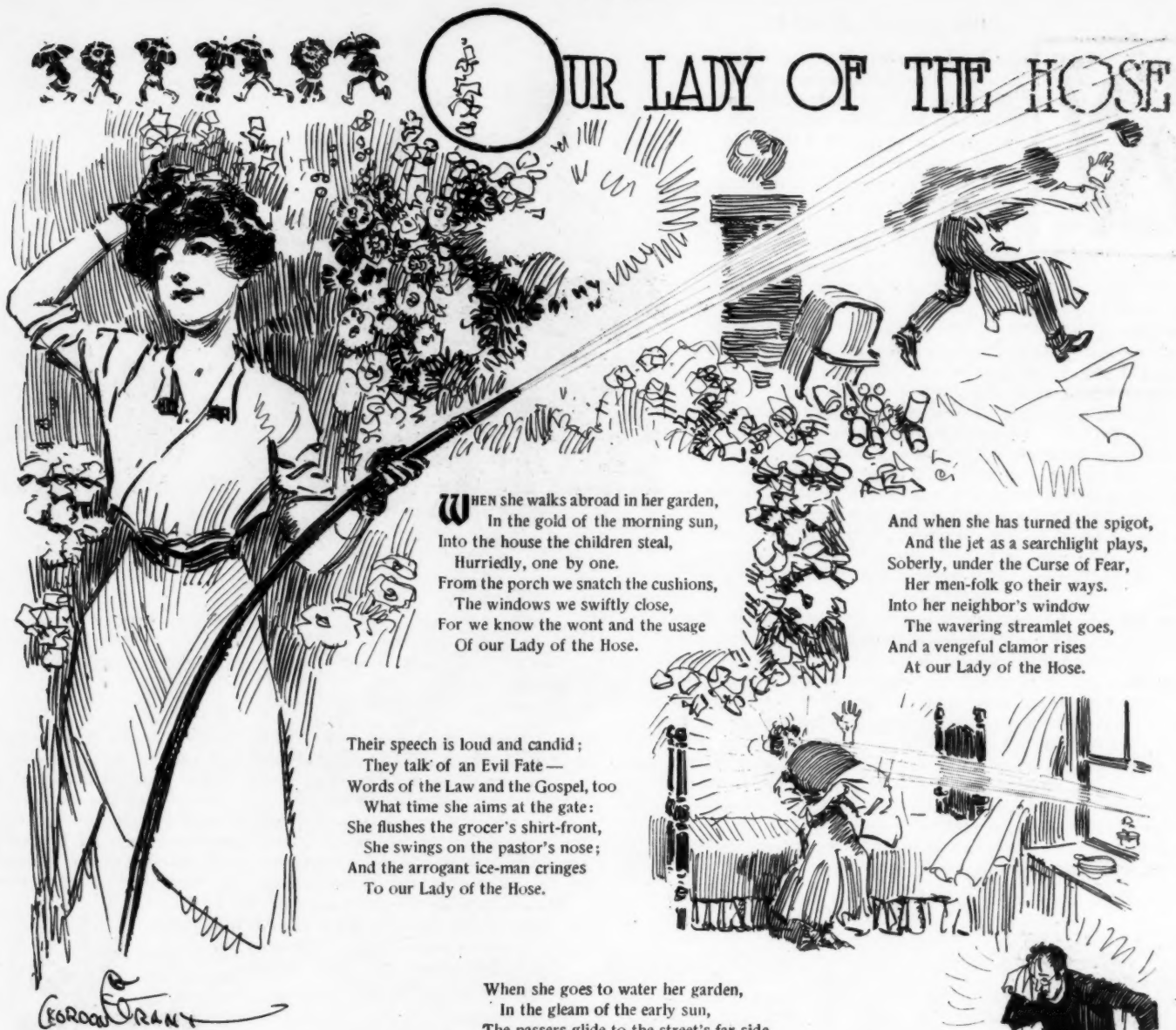
WEARY WILLY.—My daughters insisted on marrying highly-educated men, an' I hed ter support ten families.

IT TAKES the average child one year and four months to learn to talk, and most of the effort is wasted.



WATCHING THE BULLETIN.

WHEN A MAN WILL DO THIS, HE HAS REACHED THE THIRTY-THIRD DEGREE OF BASEBALL FANDOM.



WHEN she walks abroad in her garden,
In the gold of the morning sun,
Into the house the children steal,
Hurriedly, one by one.
From the porch we snatch the cushions,
The windows we swiftly close,
For we know the wont and the usage
Of our Lady of the Hose.

And when she has turned the spigot,
And the jet as a searchlight plays,
Soberly, under the Curse of Fear,
Her men-folk go their ways.
Into her neighbor's window
The wavering streamlet goes,
And a vengeful clamor rises
At our Lady of the Hose.

Their speech is loud and candid;
They talk of an Evil Fate —
Words of the Law and the Gospel, too
What time she aims at the gate:
She flushes the grocer's shirt-front,
She swings on the pastor's nose;
And the arrogant ice-man cringes
To our Lady of the Hose.

When she goes to water her garden,
In the gleam of the early sun,
The passers glide to the street's far side,
Suddenly, on the run.
Lowly and great are equal;
Favor to none she shows:
While her floods endure, who walks secure
From our Lady of the Hose?

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



A LONG-HEADED BUILDER.

NUMBER of mechanics were congregated about the stove of a certain village store that sells everything, from whisky to shoe-strings.

"How much are you charging a day now?" asked Mr. Butternut of a carpenter.

"Three dollars a day," replied the carpenter.

"If you will work for a dollar a day," said Mr. Butternut, "I shall be happy to engage you."

The carpenter did not reply in words, but opened one eye very wide, that Mr. Butternut might observe and study anything of an emerald hue contained therein.

"How much are you getting per day?" asked Mr. Butternut of a plumber who was smoking a corn-cob pipe that could n't freeze or burst on him.

"Four dollars!" responded the plumber, as he gave his pipe-stem a faucet twist, to screw it more firmly into the bowl.

"I will give you a dollar and thirty-three cents per diem," said Mr. Butternut.

"I must decline," said the plumber. "I plumb for the health of my clients, never for

my own. If I accepted your rates I should certainly burst, like a four-dollar zinc boiler."

Mr. Butternut then turned to a stone-mason.

"What wages are you asking?"

"Three dollars per day."

"I will give you one."

"I could not work for that figure if you furnished the cement and everything else. It would pay me better to stay at home and lie on the Persian couch," replied the stone-mason.

Mr. Butternut left in despair, and went to a lumber dealer, a brick man, and several others trading in building materials, and offered them one-third of the price asked.

They each and all refused; and when one of them asked him to explain his nickel-plated, full-jeweled assurance, he replied:

"I am going to build a ten-thousand-dollar house."

"I see," said the dealer, brightening up.

"An excellent idea."

"And when my ten-thousand-dollar house is

built it will have cost me fifteen thousand dollars."

"And then?" asked the dealer in building materials.

"And then," replied Mr. Butternut, "my ten-thousand-dollar house that cost fifteen thousand dollars will only be worth five thousand dollars, ground and all. And I only want to get everything for a third of its actual value, that I may come out even."

VARIETY is the spice of life; but it isn't much good in a poker-hand.

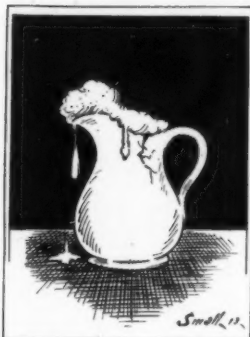
No, dear reader, it is not superstition that causes the boy at the end of the bowling-alleys to pick up the pins.



NEWSPAPER BULLETINS WE NEVER SEE.
1.—THE CHESS BULLETIN.

CRITICISM.

JOSEPH.—Them city folks is curious critters. ZEKE.—They be so. Last time I wuz in New York I asked a feller which wuz th' best dime museum in town, an' I'm darned if he knew anything about any of 'em!



BASEBALL TERM.
"A HOT-WEATHER
PITCHER."

EVIDENCE.

TOM.—I don't know whether she sings or not.
JACK.—She doesn't. I've heard her.

PREMATURE.

VISITOR.—Don't you guarantee to refund the money when you don't cure?
PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.—Certainly!

VISITOR.—Well, I've been using your remedy for five years and I'm not cured!
PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.—Keep right on, my dear sir! If our remedy fails we will refund the money to your executors on presentation of proper proof.

A DEFINITION.

KEY.—Fader, vot means a "plutocrat"?
FADER.—One of dem fellers dot's so rich he need n't to fail any more.

BACHELOR VISITOR.—Well, Henry, how do you like married life?
HENRY PECK.—Sh-h-h! My wife is in the next room!

JOGGING HIS MEMORY.

I've been thinking all day over that story you told me at the dinner last night."
"Good, was n't it?"
"Yes. I was trying to remember where I had heard it before."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BROWN.—You look tired.
JONES.—Yes. I've lost a good deal of sleep within a few days.
BROWN.—How's that?
JONES.—I've just come in from the West on a sleeper.



MERELY A THEORY.

SUSCEPTIBLE YOUTH.—Life to me was a desert until I met you!
HARD-HEARTED MAIDEN.—Oh! And is *that* why you dance like a camel?

A RURAL REVERIE.

WHEN the lawn is green and glossy,
Grass is clipped and sod is mossy,
When the vine is gayly creeping
Up the trellis, and the bed
Where his wife has got her flowers
All a-bloom from recent showers—
Has been neatly raked, and also,
When the garden-truck is wed;
When the lettuce and tomatoes,
Parsley, peas, and sweet potatoes
Are protruding through the earth
In manner indicating health,
And the pie-plant in the distance,
With perennial persistence,
Of pies, home-made, gives promise
By its foliaceous wealth;
When, with all his chores completed,
On his cool veranda seated,
He is summing up the comfort
And the quiet to be had,
When the kids, in ample number,
Are unconscious in sweet slumber—
Then, ah! then, we can imagine,
The suburbanite is glad!

When the lawn—we're now rebutting
The above—needs frequent cutting,
When the grass grows long and shaggy
And gets wilted on his hands;
When of rain there's not an inkling
And his lawn's in need of sprinkling
And requires the same attention
That a bottled babe demands;
When the garden-hose gets busted,
Mower—blunt and badly rusted—
From his cellar resurrected,
Would n't cut a swath in junk;
When, for want of constant nailing,
The clematis takes to trailing,
And in vegetable matter
Many dollars he has sunk;
When in pea-patch or tomatoes
Neighbors' hens make an hiatus,
And he thinks with thoughts regretful
Of the crops he might have had:
When he wonders how all this is,
Till the train for town he misses—
Then, ah! then, we feel quite certain,
The suburbanite is sad!

R. F. Wilson.

HER GOOD FORTUNE.

SAPS MITH.—I wondah how it comes that Miss Swift is always out when I call?
GRIMSHAW.—Oh, I guess it's just her luck!



THE PUCK PRESS

SUNDAY, THE DAY



THE DAY OF REST.



THE HAPPY FATE OF THE BATTLESHIP.

Congressman Goodwin proposes that American warships, before they are thrown in the discard, be used to advertise American goods in the markets of the world. Quoth he: "I am opposed to senseless multiplication of useless battleships, yet I see no reason why those we have built should not be used in advancing American trade before they rot and become junk. From the latest available reports our navy, it appears, spends much time cruising to foreign ports. Yet trade reports show how comparatively unknown are American goods in the ports frequented by American warships."

BLACKBERRIES.



ALL the day he declaims, like a clarion shrill—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
Like the rat-tat-tat of a stone-crushing mill—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
From a mouth like the mouth of a drummer's valise
Comes the cry you could hear from Secaucus to Nice,
And in volume each moment it seems to increase—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"

Oh, it fills all the breast of the still summer air—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
The horrible echo is rife everywhere—
"Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"
That demon-like yell thrills our souls near and far;
It is worse than the rattle of auto or car,
As the vender shouts out: "Hordeoy, here you are—
Blackberries, blackberries, blackberries!"

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST.—Poor old Waters! He was a man of varied accomplishments.

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST.—He was, indeed! He was the best judge of lemonade I ever knew!

AN ERROR UP ABOVE.

"MAMMA," said the little comet to the big comet, "here's a balloon."
"No, my child," replied the big comet, as it whizzed above.
"That is n't a balloon—it's the price of ice."

A MITIGATING FEATURE.

"It's pretty hot here, is n't it?" said a new arrival to Lucifer.
"Yes," replied his Satanic Majesty. "The heat is what you might call excessive; but then it's dry heat. There is no humidity about it."

APPRECIATED ITS USEFULNESS.

FIRST STUDENT.—The college library is a great institution, is n't it?

SECOND STUDENT.—How do you know? What in the world were you doing there?

FIRST STUDENT.—Went to look at an old newspaper to settle a dispute about the foot-ball game of 'ninety-three.



INCONVENIENT.

HUNTER.—Good heavens! I bought that dog from a member of the S. P. C. A.

COLLECTION FOR SALE.

I HAVE a collection which I wish to dispose of. It is not composed of canceled postage-stamps, nor of ancient and rare coins, but it is a collection of trial bottles of patent medicines. In this utilitarian age, when the patent



liver-pill prowls around the country with its sugar coat off and its sleeves rolled up, so to speak, seeking whom it may tackle; when the insidious kidney-medicine advertisement lurks in ambush but half-way down the column in a spurious, ethical dissertation of the "Is-Life-Worth-Living?" sort, ready to spring out and seize its unsuspecting victim by the throat; when advertisements of lung renovators stalk abroad in the land in the guise of scientific treatises upon the probabilities of immortality; when the impulsive porous plaster goeth forth seeking to whom it may cling with a cling that knows no waning, there has been too little attention paid to the collection and proper arrangement in a cabinet of the remedies we are called upon to put away inside of ourselves.

Two years ago, just as the town clock struck with dismal strike the ghostly hour of twelve—only this was in the day-time—an intellectual-looking man, with a haughty mien and a cold in his head, might have been seen wending his way toward a large corner drug-store with plate-glass windows in the front of it. That individual was myself. I had supposed the man in charge would look alarmed and worried when I told him I had a cold, but he didn't seem to care a bit. He immediately began to take down bottles of various sizes from his shelf. After he had the counter filled up, I stopped him and explained that I was not in the hospital business; that I simply wanted some mild remedy for myself, one that would leave a pleasant taste in my mouth and amuse me. But he said that they were only trial bottles, and that I could take them home and see which suited me best. I took them home with great élan in an express wagon, and at once proceeded to sample them.

I enjoyed a Bacchanalian revel that night, a wild orgie, a cough-medicine debauch. I sampled them all. Generally, they were a pleasant-tasting lot. Some of the compounds in the small bottles tasted like the distilled essence of Cayenne pepper, only more so; as if I had been tasting them through a microscope, as it were. I was delighted with the medicine in large bottles, and I resolved to pay no attention to the directions, which were printed in four different languages on the wrappers, but to make it serve a purpose of my own. It all tasted more or less like maple syrup.

I induced my family to try it on the buckwheat cakes the next morning, and it was unanimously pronounced a success. I scoured the country for sample bottles of the same article, and in three weeks I had a stock large enough to anoint the buckwheat cakes of three chilly winters. I then began systematically to procure sample bottles of every medicine I could hear or read of. It became a mania with me. Of course I received a great many duplicates, and these I disposed of in various ways. When a friend called to spend a social hour, think how pleased he was when I would bring forth a tall, heavy-set bottle of rare old dark-green-colored cough-medicine of the vintage '83, and invite him to drink. It was cheaper than champagne, even if he drank as much—which he didn't.

Last spring the duplicates had increased to such an extent that I had no room for them, so I mixed them all together in a barrel and painted my barn a beautiful seal-brown color. It made an excellent article of paint. I have one bottle of medicine that will attract the attention of connoisseurs generally. The bottle itself would not attract much attention, but the printed description on the outside attracts enough attention to last all day. *It is only recommended for one complaint!* I have forgotten now what the complaint is, but that is immaterial. The owner was new at the business, but he had issued only one edition when he discovered his error; and now I believe there is but one complaint that it is not recommended for, and I have forgotten that also, as it is not mentioned on the bottle. I was extremely fortunate in securing one of the copies of the first edition, and I now have the only one extant, as the others were all destroyed.

I never have had many diseases myself, but I do not think this should detract from my collection. My stomach is the only organ I have ever had much trouble with. I always have an empty, yearning feeling thereabouts, morning, noon, and night; but the best remedy I have ever discovered for this, and one that is effectual, consists of large, equal parts of beef and potatoes, taken internally. I have private reasons for wishing to dispose of my collection at once.

Unless I can find a purchaser I shall write to the Chicago man who ate thirty successive quails in thirty successive days, and offer him half the gate-money to drink a trial bottle of my medicine every day for forty days; this will not only advertise the collection; but, if he succeeds, I shall have satisfactory proof of his powers of endurance, and shall immediately wager a large sum that he can attend thirty performances of "Hamlet" in thirty days.

The collection is neatly arranged in black-walnut cabinets with glass doors, and has been carefully catalogued. A good home, where it will be well taken care of, more of an object than the price; no objections to sending it into the country. Will sell for cash, or will exchange for a thoroughly reliable family horse and buggy and some sprouts of pie-plant—the "Mince" variety preferred, as I am going to raise all my own pies next season. Sealed proposals will be thankfully received and contents noted.

Any one sending the above-mentioned articles in exchange, or an amount of money (stamps not taken) of equal value, and paying for this advertisement, will receive the collection promptly by express.

H. W.



The Voice of Reconstruction

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"WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!"

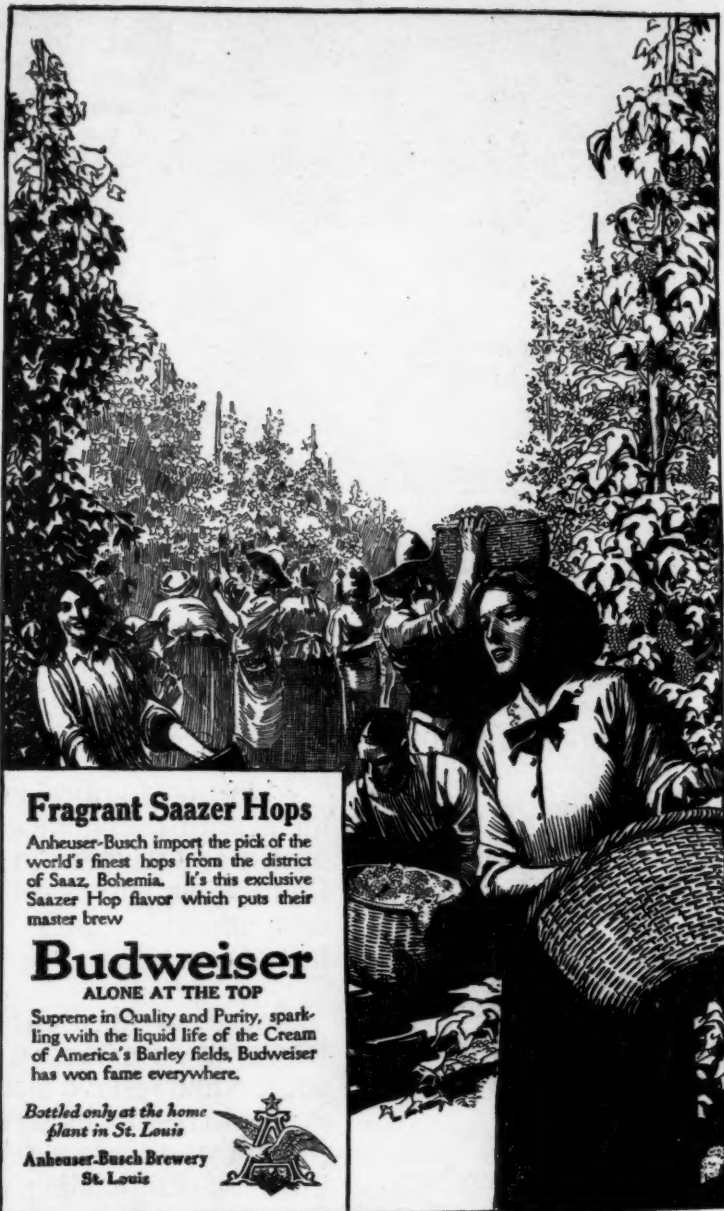
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"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."
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Photogravure in Sepia, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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CHINESE REPORTEER.

An English sailor was watching a Chinaman who was placing a dish of rice by a grave.

"When do you expect your friend to come out and eat that?" the sailor asked.

"Same time as your frien' come out to smellee flowers you fellow put," retorted Li.—*Singapore Press.*

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

He had just arrived from Europe, and the official friskers in the customs service were sizing up his baggage.

"There is nothing in that trunk but wearing-apparel," he insisted, as an official started to open the article in question.

The frisker calmly pulled the stuff out of the trunk and disclosed a dozen quarts of champagne.

"What kind of wearing-apparel do you call this?" asked the official.

"Nightcaps," was the reply. — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A COMPLICATED FALL.



Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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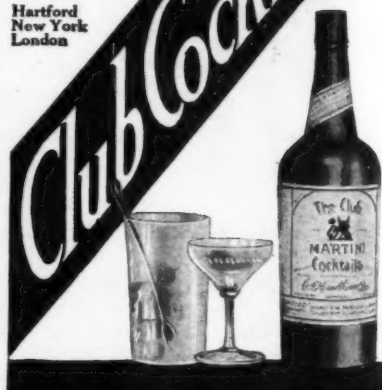
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Women who spend most of their time trying to improve their complexions never think of the old-fashioned method of steaming it over a washtub.—*Chicago News.*

"WHAT a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. Haven't you paid the doctor's bill yet?"—*Baltimore American.*



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"Lor' bress yo' heart," said the speaker, "St. Peter an' St. Paul and the rest of the Apostles was as white as that North'n gen'l'man ober dere."

"No, sah!" said the man in opposition. "Paul may ha' been, but St. Peter—no, sah! St. Peter was a cullud gen'l'man."

"You're wrong, for if St. Peter'd been cullud dat cock wouldn't ha' crowed more 'n once't."—*Charlotte Observer.*

PAT made a bet with Mike that he could carry a hodful of bricks up three ladders to the top of the building with Mike sitting on the hod. The ladders were on the outside of the building. On the third ladder Pat made a misstep, but caught himself in time to save Mike falling forty feet to the stone sidewalk. Arriving at the top, Pat said: "Begorra, I've wan the bet!"

"Yes," replied Mike. "But whin ye shlipped I thought I had ye."—*Argonaut.*

ABE MARTIN says: Miss Tawney Apple, who wuz t' be married in June, has decided t' stick t' th' Palace Bazar, as the hours are shorter.—*Indianapolis News.*

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NEMESIS.

SWEET GIRL.—My hired chaperon saw you kiss me last night.

ADORER.—My gracious! What did you do?

SWEET GIRL.—I discharged her.—*Exchange.*

"WHAT's the matter?"

"She has rejected me again. She says this is final."

"Did she say how final?" inquired the older and more experienced man.—*Washington Herald.*

"Is HE rich?"

"I did n't think so, but he must be."

"Why?"

"I heard him say the other night that he lets his wife have all the money she wants."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHAT sort of a bridge expert is Wombat?"

"He's what you call an Ibsen expert."

"An Ibsen expert?"

"Yes. He makes some mighty queer plays."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"WHEN I put on a new suit of clothes I consider myself well-dressed and forget all about it."

"I'd do the same if my tailor didn't remind me of it constantly!"—*Town Topics.*

"I'M sorry I ever married you!" shrieked the bride, on the occasion of their first quarrel.

"You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



III.

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WIFE.—Notice that chorus-girl in the first row. She used to go to school with me. Poor thing! She went on the stage because she had nothing to wear.

HUSBAND.—So I see.—*London Opinion.*

GRIGGS.—Your wife no longer objects to your staying out nights! How did you manage it?

BRIGGS.—I began smoking in the house the cigars she bought to keep me home.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The farmer instantly dropped the tubes and rushed to the door, crying: "Great snakes! Hold on a minute, wil' ye? There's a gol-darned brass band a-a-comin' an' there ain't nobody a-holdin' my horse."—*Exchange.*

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FRESHMAN.—Well—er—I never tried it. The Sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.—*Pelican.*

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JACK.—Say, George; you are one of the directors of the Charity Ball, aren't you?

GEORGE.—Yes.

JACK.—Well, it would be a charity to give me a ticket, and lend me a dress-suit.—*Exchange.*



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"No, merely that men have already built machines to do it."—*Houston Post.*

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BANKS.—Very seldom.—*Canadian Courier.*

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"Something I can do for you, sir?" said the floorwalker to a man anxiously walking up and down every aisle in the big store.

"Well, yes," answered the man. "I seem to have lost my wife."

"Third floor, third aisle," said the floorwalker. "You'll find a full line of mourning goods there."—*Exchange*.

QUITE LITERAL.

TEACHER.—Now, what is a sentence?

BRIGHT PUPIL.—Thirty days, miss. —*Boston Transcript*.



VI.
—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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The deal was about closed when the shopkeeper, a near-sighted, elderly man, squinted at Wilson and said:

"Look here, ain't you an actor?"

Wilson drew himself up.

"I am a clergyman," he said in an offended tone.

"I beg your pardon," said the dealer. "You see, I thought you looked something like that fellow Francis Wilson."

"I hope," said Wilson, with great dignity, "that you would not liken me to a mere comic-opera comedian."

"Well," said the shopkeeper, with a superior air, "I seen him at the Opera House last night, and to tell you the truth he was'n't so awful rotten."—

Saturday Evening Post.

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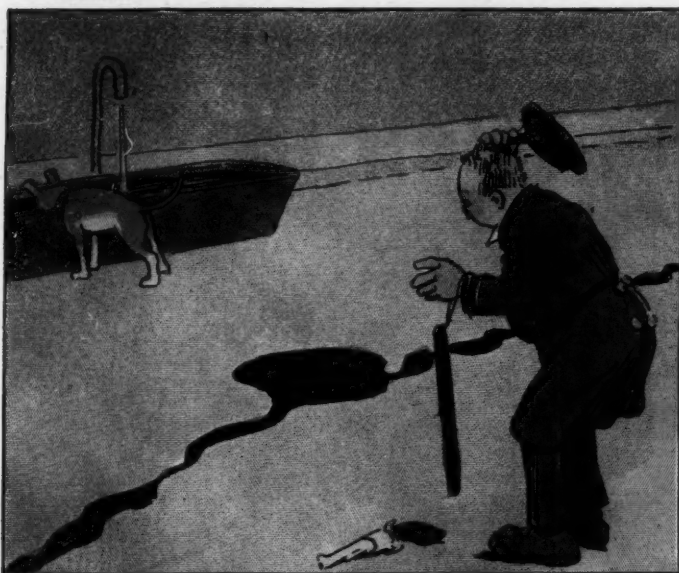
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IV.
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V.
"I'm afraid it'll be too late to save the beautiful maiden now; there's only a few drops left in her."



VI.
"Well, there's one satisfaction. That driver'll get the devil from his boss fer leavin' that spigot open."